The

Non-Subscribing Presbyterian

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Notes of the Month.

It seems very probable that in the course of the present month many of the young men who have been preparing in the North of Ireland for service at the front will be moved either to England for more advanced training or to the Continent for actual participation in the fighting operations. We would assure all such of our full confidence in their power of devotion and in their readiness to do their duty to the uttermost. As regards our own members, whose names are given in the re-issued Roll of Honour, we feel assured that they will not prove false to the great traditions in which they have been reared, and that they will go forth resolved to be true to their highest and noblest ideals. They will leave behind them many anxious hearts, and many ardent and heartfelt prayers will be offered up on their behalf. It is our earnest hope that, after doing their part to bring this war to an end, which shall ensure an honourable and enduring peace, they will return safe and sound to their native land, to take up once again useful and peaceful pursuits in our midst. We who remain behind will not only think of and pray for them, but be ready to do all we can for their support and encouragement.

* *

Recently there appeared in the Belfast papers a pleasing intimation that the claims of our Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Sustentation Fund had already been recognised and practically aided through the kind thought of one of our departed members. The latter was Miss Sarah Jane Russell, whose family has been for many years associated with the First Church, Belfast. When her wishes take effect, the Sustentation Fund will benefit to the extent of £300, while the funds of two of the Belfast hospitals, in which members of our community have long been interested, will also receive benefit. We have always been of opinion that when our deserving institutions became known they would make their own appeal to the philosophic instincts of our well-to-do members, and we are glad to find our faith so soon justified in the case of the newly-instituted Sustentation Fund. Already the latter has proved a great boon to our ministers, and we feel sure that as time goes on its funds will be increasingly augmented.

* *

Many of our readers will find much of interest in the recently-published history of "The Unitarian Home Mis-

sionary College," which is the careful work of the present warden and tutor, the Rev. H. M'Lachlan, M.A., B.D. Not a few of our ministers of the past and present generation received their collegiate training in that College before receiving a call to labour in the North of Ireland. While the early days of development are vividly told, the later part of the history pays a striking and fully-deserved tribute to the good accomplished by our friend, the Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., when, leaving ministerial work in the North of Ireland, he went in the year 1889 to become Principal of the College. In the subsequent twenty-one years of his principalship the approximation to more exacting standards of scholarship made marked progress, so much so that the character and equipment of the College were radically altered for the better. It was brought more into touch with the work of the University in Manchester, where the establishment of a Free Faculty in Theology cemented and made still more closer the relationship. During the same period of supervision and service the celebration of the jubilee of the College took place, when the enthusiasm and generosity it generated made possible the creation of a residential college to replace the domiciliary arrangement which had formerly obtained. When, therefore, Mr. Gordon retired he had more than earned the gratitude and regard of many students, viz.—the calm consciousness that much had been attempted, much satisfactorily done. When it was necessary to replace him in the position of Principal we need hardly remind our readers that the choice fell upon Dr. Mellone, known to so many in the North of Ireland by reason of his genial character and his labours at Holywood. Thus, quite apart from the fact that there are many *alumni* of the College in our Non-Subscribing ministry, there are good reasons why our readers should turn with interest to Mr. M'Lachlan's well-informed pages, adorned, as they are, by many excellent illustrations of persons and buildings. The published price of the volume is 3s. 6d. net, and copies may be had at the Depository.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

By Rev. Eustace Thompson.

Gen. ii. 8—"*God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.*"

Sabbath is a Hebrew word, originally denoting rest in reference to mere cessation from activity rather than to the benefit associated with repose. The choice of the seventh day for the Sabbath was probably suggested by a natural or convenient division into quarters of the period between new moon and new moon.

He who wrote the Story of the Creation, placed at the beginning of the first book of the Old Testament, was deeply poetic and religious, but utterly unscientific. It was altogether a matter of indifference, quite as much as of incompetence with him, to make a good scientific guess at the true process or order of creation. His purpose was to quicken the religious feeling in others, or to increase its fervour by bringing it into contact with the fervour of his own set forth in stately if fictitious narrative. The distinguishing feature of the Hebrew religion was belief in one God, the Sovereign and Sole Source of life and all things, and coupled with that belief, the observance of every seventh day for rest, as by Divine appointment for the good of man, to keep him reverent in his thought of God. The Hebrew legend, by way of associating the sanctity of the Sabbath with the almightiness of God, relates that God rested from all His work, which He had made, upon the seventh day, and blessed and hallowed it.

In like manner every artist and every artificer will end, for a while, the work of hand and brain, night by night, so that they may have time to gain fresh vigour for the renewal of their industry. Indeed, if they are wise, they will make a longer interval from time to time, so that they may look back upon their work to see that it is good, in order, moreover, that there may be as good or better outcome for their future labour. And seeing that the dominion of the earth, with everything upon it, and springing out of it, or lying in it, has been given to mankind collectively;

how well it would be if every man, in order that his work of hand or brain might be the best, would observe a seventh day for ceasing from his work—a Sabbath for taking thought upon the sphere of his dominion, and all its contents, always remembering that the proper matter for the thought of man is, before all things, man himself, and most especially the relationship of man to God.

Roll of Honour.

ANTRIM.

John M'Clinton, North Irish Horse.

BALLEE.

Captain Wm. Crymble, R.A.M.C. Interned in Magdeburg since Mons.

BALLYCARRY.

Andrew Blair, Royal Navy.
Samuel Blair, A. & S. Highlanders.
Moore Getty Blair, A. & S. Highlanders.
Corporal William James Blair, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Edward Gray, Engineer, H.M.S. Argonaut, R.N.
William M'Murtry, Lord Kitchener's Army.
David M'Master, Royal Irish Rifles.
David Nelson, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Gilbert Steele, H.M.S. Cæsar, R.N.

BALLYMONEY.

John Getty, R.M.L. Infantry.
Corporal George H. Pinkerton, Despatch Rider, R.E.
Lieut. James McKay, R.A.M.C.

BELFAST (First Presbyterian Church).

Ernest Greenfield, Mechanical Transport, Royal Engineers.
Robert Kelly, 14th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Capt. Gerald Lowry, 5th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
2nd Lieut. Kenneth M. Moore, 11th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Alfred M'Clelland, North Irish Horse.
Sidney Orr, Despatch Rider, Indian (Lahore) Expeditionary Force.
Sapper Alec. Steel, Royal Engineers.
2nd Lieut. Wm. Henry Wood, 33rd Divisional Signal Co., Royal Engineers.
Thomas Wright, 14th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.

BELFAST (All Souls' Church).

Second Lieut. Terence Duffin, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second-Lieut. J. M. Henderson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Dr. Malcolm Nelson, Royal Army Medical Corps.
Mac Pettigrew, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second Lieut. Hewitt Stitt, Royal Irish Rifles.

BELFAST: YORK STREET.

Beattie, Harold, Inniskilling Dragoons.
Boal, William, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (9th Battalion).
Cobain, William, Army Service Corps.
M'Caw, Alex., H.M.S. "Alarm."
M'Mullen, James, Young Citizens.
M'Mullen, John, H.M.S. "Thunderer."
M'Neill, James, Royal Engineers.

BELFAST (Domestic Mission Church).

William Allen.
James Dinsmore.
Allan Hayes.
John Morton.
Thomas Morton.
James Miller.
John M'Clelland.
*Edward M'Cully.
Thomas Slater.
John Wilson.
David Wilson.

*Wounded at Mons.

BELFAST (Mountpottinger Church).

Horace Steel.

CAIRNCASTLE.

Robert Wharry, H.M.S. Ajax, R.N.

BALLYHEMLIN.

Lieut. Harold Allen.
James Curry, Royal Navy.
Samuel Curry, Royal Navy.
Joseph Moreland, Royal Navy.
Samuel Young, Royal Navy.

BANBRIDGE.

A. Dougan, Irish Fusiliers (India).
F. A. Dougan, Royal Irish Rifles.
J. Dougan, Irish Fusiliers.
W. J. Dougan, Irish Fusiliers.
John Henry Haire, Royal Navy.
Robert Haire, Royal Irish Rifles.
James Neill, Sergeant, Royal Irish Rifles.
R. Neill, Corporal, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.
Thomas Neill, Corporal, Royal Irish Rifles.
W. Haughton Smyth, Lieut., Royal Irish Rifles.
W. Stevenson, Army Service Corps.

CLOUGH.

Joseph Bryan, Royal Irish Rifles.
James Coburn, North Irish Horse.
William Donnan, Royal Irish Rifles.
Lieut. Engineer Hugh Donnan, Royal Navy.
William Kilpatrick, N.C.O., North Irish Horse.
Joseph Kilpatrick, Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Kilpatrick, Royal Irish Rifles.

COMBER.

Henry Adams.
Hamilton Bishop.
Alexander Burgess.
Robert Burgess.
Robert Dempster.

COMBER—Continued.

Thomas Dempster.
James Munn Dugan.
Thomas M'Quade.
William Mills.
Albert Stewart.
James Young.
Albert Young.
David Young.

DUBLIN.

A. G. Birch, Commission, A.S.C.
Eric Falkiner.
A. Grimbley, R.A.M.C.
Sydney Kidd, Commission.
J. A. C. Kidd, Commission, R.A.M.C.
A. S. G. Loxton, Black Watch.

DUNMURRY.

Nathaniel Hall, 11th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Lance Sergt. John A. A. Kelly, 11th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Vance, H.M.S. Duncan, R.N.

DOWNPATRICK.

Hugh J. Cochrane, R.I.R.
John Ferriss, Reservist.
William Keown, R. S. Fusiliers.
Robert Neill, N.I.H.
John Milligan, R.I.R.
George M'Kenzie, Royal Navy.
*S. M'Murray, N.I.H.
*F. W. M'Murray, Kitchener's Army.
Captain Craig Nelson, 3rd Brahmans.
William Quail, Black Watch.
William Shaw.
William Stranney.
James Stranney, N.I.H.
*Brothers.

DROMORE.

William Boal, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Edmund Boal, Lord Kitchener's Army.
James Clarke, Colonial Canadian Contingent.
William Darragh, 13th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Ervine, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Samuel Fairley, Royal Navy.
†John Graham, Royal Irish Rifles.
James Gregg, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William Greer, Royal Irish Rifles.
Ernest Hodgen, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Robert E. Jardine, Royal Engineers.
Robert Lindsay, Royal Irish Rifles.
Samuel M'Millan, Royal Engineers.
Thomas Martin, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William M'Millan, Grenadier Guards.
Walter Martin, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Robert M'Ilwrath, Lord Kitchener's Army.
John M'Ilwrath, Lord Kitchener's Army.
*David Prentice, Royal Navy.
Francis Russell, Irish Guards.
W. J. Russell, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William Russell, Lord Kitchener's Army.
William Spence, Field Artillery.
John Steele, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Alexander Steele, Royal Engineers.
†Killed in action.
*Lost in action on H.M.S. Monmouth, off the Chilian coast.

GLENARM.

Sapper James Boyle, Royal Engineers.
Thomas Finlay, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.
William Blackwood Pullin, R.N.R., H.M.S. Illustrious.
Sapper Thomas Steed, A Company, Royal Engineers.

HOLYWOOD.

George D. Black, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
John Boyle, King's Own Scottish Borderers.
Samuel Cooley, Royal Irish Rifles.
James Greenfield, Royal Irish Rifles.
William Hudson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Alexander Lennox, Royal Irish Rifles.
George Lennox, Royal Irish Rifles.
Captain Francis A. M'Cammon, Royal Army Medical Corps.
James E. M'Ervel, Public Schools Battalion.
Duncan M'Ervel, Public Schools Battalion.
Robert M'Gilton, Royal Irish Rifles.
Thomas M'Gilton, Royal Garrison Artillery.
Second Lieut. J. D. Neill, Royal Irish Rifles.
Second Lieut. R. Neill, Royal Irish Rifles.
Samuel Patty, Royal Irish Rifles.
George Quee, Royal Irish Rifles.
Robert Quee, West Yorkshire Regiment.
Staff-Sergeant William Scott, Royal Army Medical Corps.
Thomas Waterman, West Yorkshire Regiment
John White, Royal Irish Rifles.

KILLINCHY.

W. J. D. Cromie.
Sergeant Robert Murray.

LARNE.

Andrew Aicken, R.N.R.
William Austin, R.I.R.
John M. Caldwell, R.I.R.
William Campbell, R.I.R.
Sergeant Norman Canning, R.I.R.
Thomas Cook, At Front (missing).
William R. Drummond, R.R.R.
Thomas Dobbin, R.I.R.
Alex. Ferguson, R.N.R.
Samuel Ogilby, R.I.R.
Classon Porter Hay, Lieut., R.N.
Fergus Pinkerton, R.E.
W. F. Pullin, R.N.
*Thomas Robinson, R.I.R. (wounded at Mons).
*David Robinson, R.N., Antwerp.
*Robert Robinson, R.I.R.
Ephraim Robinson, R.I.R.
John Sittlington, R.I.R.
David Smith, R.I.R.
Corporal Bob Wallace, R.I.R.
*Brothers.

MONEYREA.

John Clifford, Royal Irish Rifles.
William Clifford, Royal Irish Rifles.
David Bodel Spence, Royal Irish Rifles.

NEWRY.

Bertie Crothers, Lord Kitchener's Army.
Driver Robert M'Alpine, R.A.S. Corps.
William M'Alpine, Royal Irish Rifles.
Captain George Scott, 5th Batt. Field Artillery.
James Colvin Thompson, Lord Kitchener's Army.
David Thompson, Royal Irish Rifles.
Henry Rainey, Lord Kitchener's Army.
——— M'Alpine.

NEWTOWNARDS.

Thomas Harrison.
John M'Cracken.
William J. M'Cracken.

RADEMON.

William Alderdice, Ulster Division.
Alfred Alexander, 2nd Batt. Co. Down Regt.
Fergus Lindsay.
Sergt. Thos. C. Patterson, Ulster Division.
Samuel Spiers, Ulster Division.

TEMPLEPATRICK.

Harry Gault, 9th Batt. R.I.R.
Hugh Nelson Turner, 14th Batt. R.I.R.

Obituary.

Mr. DAVID S. GRAY, Carneal, Raloo.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of Mr. David S. Gray, of Raloo. These feelings are shared in the district where he resided, and in Larne, where he was well known. After a lingering illness the end came all unexpectedly. It is all the sadder that he was cut down in the very bloom of his manhood, at a time when he was taking an active interest in all the affairs of the neighbourhood, including agriculture, and the welfare of his Church. On Sunday 14th February, preaching in the Raloo meeting-house, Rev. J. M'Cleery paid a touching tribute to the worth of the deceased. Mr. M'Cleery said :—"My dear friends, since last we met in this place of worship, it has been our painful duty to part company with one of our best members, and one who took a deep and practical interest in the life and work of this church. He held the important position of treasurer for many years, having succeeded his father in the office. The service which he rendered willingly to the congregation proved his ability and worth to us. Although he was a most diligent man in business, he always gave greatest care and attention to the duties of his office in our church. We shall all miss him very much indeed. For some time past he was unable to join in our worship here, but though absent he nevertheless took the same interest in our services as though he had been present with us. We recognised his manliness of disposition, his straightforwardness in business, his honesty of purpose, and his high-mindedness, and we loved him for these qualities. He always kept in mind the New Testament injunction of judging life by its fruits rather than by opinions. He did not make a show of his religion, nor parade his faith in God, but he was none the less sincere in his worship and his life. He strove always to do justly, to love mercy and to walk uprightly, and do so much of good as lay in his power. He was a good husband, a kind father, and a worthy citizen. For a number of years he represented the Raloo Division on the Larne District Council, and was a member of the Larne Board of Guardians. In these offices he enjoyed the fullest esteem and respect of his fellow-members. He was a large and successful farmer, and his knowledge on matters of agriculture was at all times at the service of his friends and neighbours. Our loss is great, and we can only comfort ourselves with thoughts of the good life he lived in our midst. Our sympathy goes out to his widow, his family and relatives in their great sorrow.

The funeral was very large and representative of all classes in the district. The services were conducted by Rev. James Kennedy, Larne, and Rev, J. M'Cleery, Raloo.

* *

MRS. JOHN M'NINCH, LARNE.

The news of the death of this well-known resident of Larne, the wife of Mr. John M'Ninch, Dunluce Street, will come as a great shock to hundreds of friends and acquaintances scattered all over the world. In her usual health and spirits up to the preceding Sunday, she complained on Monday of a slight indisposition, and was persuaded to go to her bed. The following morning (16th ult.)

she declared that she felt much better, and was in the act of rising when she expired with startling suddenness, even before medical aid could be secured. Mrs. M'Ninch was a native of the town, in which she had spent the whole of her life, being a Miss Bailie, a cousin of the late Mr. Hugh Bailie, Kilwaughter. By ties of kinship and marriage, she was thus connected with many well-known families in the neighbourhood. She was a lady held in the highest esteem by all who knew her, of cheery disposition, and the most charitable and kind-hearted instincts. A special wave of sympathy goes out to her bereaved husband (who mourns the true help-meet of nearly half a century), and also to her daughter, Miss Isa M'Ninch, the only child left at home to reside with her parents. Other surviving children are Mrs. Clarke (Liverpool), Mrs. Wilson (wife of Mr. J. G. H. Wilson, solicitor, Belfast), and Mr. John M'Ninch (Belfast). Two sons predeceased their mother—Mr. R. B. M'Ninch, solicitor, Larne, and Mr. Hugh M'Ninch.

BY THE WAY.

So many of the notes in last month's issue were of a celestial character, that it would have been more appropriate, perhaps, had I signed myself "Aviator" rather than "Viator."

* *

Nor, for a "sky-pilot," as our sailors dub the parsons, would "Aviator" have been an altogether inappropriate name.

* *

A little girl, sister, no doubt, to the little girl quoted last month, certainly made this connection when she told her mother that she longed to be an angel, because then she would have wings and be able to drop bombs on the Germans.

* *

In course of time, maybe, we shall see the ministry and all those with celestial hopes inspired, volunteering in a body for the aviation service.

* *

Speaking of little girls reminds me of a charming story by the Russian novelist, Tchekoff, showing the strange way in which the moral appeal is felt by children. A father finds that his little son, aged seven, has been smoking, and, by means of a long, kindly, and serious talk tries to make the young rascal feel how naughty he has been—but without effect. Then he tells him a tale about an old king who lived with his little son in a most wonderful palace, and beautiful garden, filled with all sorts of delights and pleasures, and because the little boy smoked he fell ill, and at twenty years of age died of consumption, and the old king became feeble and ill, and enemies came and destroyed the palace, "and now there are no cherry trees left in the garden, and no birds and no bells." Here the little boy's eyes grow big with terror, and he says in a frightened voice: "I won't smoke any more," and the father is left wondering why it is "that morals and truth must not be presented in their raw state, but always in a mixture, sugar-coated and gilded, like pills."

* *

This is a fact which all teachers and preachers should bear in mind when trying to drive a lesson home to the hearts of the young and inexperienced. Not only children, but many adults, feel a moral truth more potently when it is presented in dramatic or story form.

* *

I well remember how, after a series of children's addresses in one of our churches, in which I had not simply left the stories to do the work, but had also made the moral fairly clear, a lady told me that her little girl had said: "Please tell Mr. —— that I like his stories very much, but I do wish he hadn't any morals."

* *

Whilst considering the question of "moral appeal," the following account, from the latest work of that witty American, Mr. Stephen Leacock, of the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Furlong, of St. Asaph's, is most instructive. "Equally sound was his theology. No man was known to preach shorter sermons, or to explain away the book of Genesis more agreeably than the Rector of St. Asaph's; and if he found it necessary to refer to the Deity, he did so

under the name of Jehovah, or Jah, or even Yaweh, in a manner calculated not to hurt the sensitiveness of any of the parishioners. People who would shudder at the brutal talk of the older fashion about the wrath of God, listened with well-bred interest to a sermon on the personal characteristics of Jah In the same way Mr. Furlong always referred to the devil, not as Satan, but as Sû, or Swâ, which took all the sting out of him. The Garden of Eden he spoke of as Paradeisos, which explained it entirely. . . . Hell itself was spoken of as She-ol, and it appeared that it was not a place of burning, but rather of what one might describe as moral torment. This settled She-ol once and for all. Nobody minds moral torment. In short, there was nothing in the theological system of Mr. Furlong that need have occasioned in any of his congregation a moment's discomfort."

* *

Few, maybe, of our congregations here have suffered under this cleverly, ineffective kind of preaching, but the following reference to St. Asaph's rival, St. Osoph's, will certainly make a wide appeal. St. Osoph's is "Presbyterian down to its very foundations in bedrock, thirty feet below the level of the avenue." Its minister "loves to think that his congregation are made of the lowly and meek in spirit, and to reflect that, lowly and meek as they are, there are men among them who could buy out half the congregation of St. Asaph's.

* *

I fear that on this side of the "herring pond," also, cash, rather than character, is often the measure of a church's prosperity.

* *

I cannot close this column without giving you the benefit of the two following stories taken from one of our leading dailies :—

One of the American papers, in connection with the stories of the naval fight off the Falkland Islands, appropriately recalls a story which Ian Maclaren once told of that remote spot. There was a disaster to an emigrant ship on which was a number of Scotsmen, and the survivors were landed in boats on the islands. When the news reached their native place in Scotland, the minister referred to it on the following Sunday, and offered up a prayer, which began : "We ask Thy help, O Lord, for our brethren now stranded in the Falkland Islands, which, as Thou knowest, are situated in the South Atlantic Ocean."

* *

"We were crouching in our shelter yesterday morning," writes one of the Liverpool Scottish. "Comrade —— had just finished a selection on a mouth organ (which we did not ask him to repeat), and as we smoked in silence the earth was seen to be gradually moving at the bottom of the trench. There could be no doubt about it, the soil was being deftly churned up before our eyes, and it seemed clear that the enemy were sapping, and had miscalculated the distance. The officers were sent for, and there was great excitement. We fixed bayonets and prepared for anything that might happen. Do you know what did happen? A mole!"

VIATOR.

TWO THOUSAND FEET BELOW.

By A. L. AIMAN.

Armed with a card of admission, our party alights at the little station of Knapedge, and slowly wends its way towards Knapedge colliery, distant about a mile. We are a source of considerable curiosity to the villagers, one girl clad in a bright blue dress being regarded with particular interest.

At the foot of a gallows-like structure we are met by the courteous manager. He divides our party into dozens, putting each in charge of an elderly miner. Safety lamps are handed round, and all matches impounded.

We climb to a platform fifteen feet high, and are introduced to sundry pit-girls, who smile appreciatively at the "blue girl." They picture her appearance when the visit is over. Fine, strapping girls they are, dressed in a modified bloomer costume.

"No," we are told, "no girls are employed below now. The Act forbids it. They work on the bank-top, cleaning the coal as it passes over the screens."

Next moment a cage-like structure appears from below the platform, within which are two small waggons or tubs of coal. These are run out by the pit-girls and tipped over a screen, and as the coal slowly passes down the big lumps of stone are deftly picked off. Woe-betide any girl who allows bad stuff to pass. That means a fine.

"Places, please," our guide calls out. "Let every man take a maid." This is soon arranged. The Blue Girl, who has been getting more nervous every moment, is taken in charge by a Blond Man, and the other girls distributed according to taste.

We enter the cage and grasp an iron bar above our heads, the Blue Girl receiving additional support from the arm of the Blond Man.

"Hold tight; ready, Tom," on which Tom, standing outside, pulls a lever, and a moment later a faint tinkle rises from below, being immediately answered by a bell in the engine-house close by. This, we are told, signifies "all clear."

"Are we off? Good bye," someone calls out. Then——Oh!! The maid grasps that bar like a vice, and the Blue Girl really does feel faint.

No doubt the first sensation on descending a mine is horrible in the extreme. You are certain half your vitals are on the bank, whilst the rest is speeding, at thirty miles an hour, towards distant Australia. The seam of coal you are bound for is nearly half a mile below, and colliery proprietors, who have to raise 2,500 tons a day, cannot afford to send their cages up and down at too leisurely a rate.

However, your parts come together again in a second or so, and you are conscious of nothing but a rush of wind about your ears as you drop. Soon your feet appear to be going through the floor of the cage, but this is only a sign that it is nearing the limit of its travel. Next moment it stops, and you step out to find yourself in the "eye" of the mine. You can see nothing, however, but innumerable points of moving yellow light. Inky blackness above, in front, behind. You experience a feeling of keen disappointment.

"Follow me," is the command. You stumble on as best you may, and crowd into a small inner chamber. Here each member is bidden to sit upon a stone bench running round its sides.

"We are getting our sights," our guide tells us. He explains that the change from daylight to darkness is so sudden that the eye requires a little time to accommodate itself to the new conditions. In other words, the iris contracts, thus allowing the retina to absorb more light. As you sit you calculate that between you and the surface is a weight of sandstone, shale, grit, and limestone, equal to 134 tons for every square foot of area.

In five minutes we step into the "eye" again, and are surprised at its illumination. We see roof, sides, perspective. We notice tubs, pushed about by boys, run on or off the cage. We even notice that the cage sometimes goes still further down. We turn to our guide.

"Yes," he says, "this isn't bottom o' th' mine. We are in the four-foot, but there's another seam about a hundred feet below this again. And below that is the sump, or the cistern, in which the mine water collects."

"And is all this coal?" asks the Blue Girl, waving her lamp vaguely about.

"No, lass. If yon was, it would be a good thing for the company. Yon's rock. You see it's like this."

Then he explains that the "eye" is excavated at the foot of the shaft out of the rock above the four-foot seam, for the purpose of giving more elbow room on account of the traffic. But that the real mining is confined to a space about a yard and a half in depth, as we shall see later on.

He leads on down the "eye" to a door at its far end, through which we pass to find ourselves in a narrower passage, or gallery, only some six feet in height.

Here our attention is directed to the roof, in which we see embedded impressions of some pretty ferns. We also notice a thick stem of what looks like a branch of palm, now converted into solid stone. Our geologist explains that these are the remains of calamities and sigillaria, clearly proving the vegetable origin of coal.

Presently we come to a train of empty tubs, attended by imps bearing glowing lamps. At the head of the train, to our surprise, we see two ponies, placed tandem. Here we are joined by other sections of the party.

"Two into each tub," commands our guide; and with much laughter on the part of the girls, we all scramble in, and with a crack of the whip off we start.

It is a jolty, picturesque kind of journey. Our heads project above the tubs, so that we can all look around. The line of lamps affords sufficient light. The black imps do their best to get a trot out of the ponies, and the visitors try hard to carry on jerky conversations with each other.

At length, with several bumps, the train is stopped, and we scramble out again. We are now a mile from the "eye," and are about to enter one of the galleries leading to the actual working parts of the mine, where the coal is "won" or "got." But first we must visit the stables.

"What, down here?"

"Yes. This way." We follow and turn aside into a chamber where four or five ponies are stalled.

"Poor things!" exclaims the Blue Girl. "Are they always kept here?"

"No, lass; we send them to grass every few months. They would go blind if they lived down here always."

"They seem healthy," some one remarks.

"Yes, they're sturdy beasts."

They certainly looked strong little animals, as they turned their patient eyes towards us.

We say good-bye to the ponies, and follow our guide. He leads the way to a door opening off the drive along which we have travelled. We pass through and enter a gallery scarcely more than four feet in height.

Progress is slow, as we have to walk stooping. We notice the roof is supported by timbers, and apparently purposeless doors are thrown across the gallery here and there. Smaller galleries branch off at every few yards.

We are now bathed in perspiration, and our backs creek with stooping. Someone suggests a halt. So we sit round our guide, place the lamps on the ground, and mop our foreheads.

We are told that the temperature is about 70°F. Quite believe it, and wish it wasn't. We are also told that the gallery we are luxuriously reclining in goes ahead for a quarter of a mile further, when it is stopped by a fault.

Our geologist interprets. A fault means a place where the continuity of the seam is broken by the subjacent strata having risen above, or fallen below, the level of the seam. The business of a colliery expert is to predict, from his knowledge of the district, where to expect a fault. Lack of this knowledge has often resulted in much useless expenditure of capital and labour.

There are other galleries like the one we are in, running parallel to it, connected by short cross galleries. In this way the seam is worked chequer-wise, till the boundary of the mine is reached on all sides.

When this has been done, the miners begin to work backwards, and remove the pillars left at the intersections of the galleries. This is a task of great peril, and is the cause of frequent accidents, owing to the risks of the roof falling in.

As we sit we hear a rumble, and out through a door shoots a tub, propelled along the rails by an imp, who grins broadly as he passes.

"What are the doors for? we ask.

Then follows a long explanation which, stripped of its vernacular, means briefly this:—

Among the coal quantities of gas are met with. It is not yet clearly established whether the gas collects in cavities, or is compressed in the coal by the enormous pressure above. At any rate, out it rushes without warning, and carelessness on the part of a miner, or neglect, may cause the gas to be ignited at his lamp, and a frightful explosion follows.

"But are there not safety lamps?"

"They are, and give a fair warning. When we see that little yaller flame grow dim we make tracks for the bank!"

Each member on hearing this looks at his lamp with renewed interest.

"But sometimes a man's a fool. He'll try and light his pipe at the lamp,

or open it with a false key," (our lamps are not locked, but fastened with a plug of soft lead, bearing the seal of the company), "or else smuggle matches down."

"Have there been any accidents here?" we ask.

"Not for eighteen years, but then we had a bad one, when forty poor chaps went to their last account."

"And there would have been a hundred and forty if my lad hadn't run back an' shut one o' them brattice doors that had been blown off its hinges."

"What a brave fellow!" says the Blue Girl, with sparkling eyes. "And he escaped?"

"No, lass; the coke damp did for him."

"Ah!" and a delicate, though somewhat grimy little hand, is laid for an instant on the old man's arm. He understood.

(To be continued.)

Reports.

Unity Guild.—The Ladies' Night is usually one of the most attractive of the Guild meetings, and this year's was no exception to the rule. It was held in Mountpottinger School-room on Jan. 20th, which was too late to be reported in the last issue. The excellence of the papers contributed by Mrs. Eustace Thompson and Mrs. John Campbell was only impaired by their brevity. Speaking on "Palestine," Mrs. Thompson showed some very fine lantern slides. Although careful to explain that she had never visited the country of which she spoke, the lecturer displayed an intimate knowledge of the place and its people. Mrs. Campbell followed with a carefully reasoned paper, which contained a direct indictment of militant suffragism, and pointed out a much nobler way of "Earning the Vote" by attacking moral evil, instead of destroying property. Our Holywood friends had charge of the second half of the programme, so after tea had been taken, a novel musical competition was held. Prizes had been given by Miss Grainger and Rev. G. L Phelps, and these were won by Miss M'Cafferty and Mr. Patterson, who recognised more of the tunes played than anyone else present.

The Committee has worked hard to make the syllabus as attractive as possible, and their labours have been rewarded by the greatly increased attendances at the meetings. One of the largest gatherings was that which listened to Mr. R. Welch's lecture on "Typical Irish Antiquities," in the Central Hall, on February 17th. This is the third lantern lecture of the season, and was certainly one of the best the Guild has had. Unfortunately the gas required for the lantern had not arrived when the lecture was timed to start, so the order of proceedings was reversed and the social part of the programme was taken first. This was in the hands of our friends at Dunmurry, and consisted of ring-quoits. The difficulty of the competition may be judged from the fact that the highest score made was 16 out of a possible 75. The prize-winners were Mrs. H. B. Hunter and Mr. Eustace Gordon, each of whom was presented with a book of poems, kindly given by Mrs. Kelly. Meantime, efforts were being made in several directions to obtain the necessary gas, and finally Mr. A. R. Hogg, the well-known photographic expert, who was present, very kindly came to our assistance, and obtained it for us from his own premises. But for his timely help we would have been debarred from seeing the excellent pictures which Mr. Welch had provided. The lecturer took us from the prehistoric flint age right up to modern times. He showed how the flint implements were gradually replaced by bronze, and told us that these primitive implements were in use in parts of Ireland, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In dealing with the cromlechs and standing stones, the lecturer showed how the primitive ornament was gradually developed into the cross with the introduction of Christianity, until the fine stone crosses, to be found scattered throughout Ireland, were evolved. This was followed by several pictures of early Christian Church architecture, with examples of typical doors and windows showing the progress of the builder's art. In the same way the round towers

were dealt with. Turning, then, to domestic architecture, we were shown the bee-hive dwellings, supposed to have been inhabited by the monks of the early Church, followed by the later forts and castles, which were both dwellings and places of defence. This led up to the modern attempts to improve the homesteads of Irish farmers. This clearing away of ancient property, while excellent for sanitary reasons and for commerce, was deplored by the lecturer from the antiquarian point of view. A large number of really excellent slides were shown during the lecture. Many of these had been made for the occasion by the lecturer, who is so well known as an expert photographer. Several of the places pictured are within easy distance of Belfast, and it occurred to the writer that the Guild could not do better than visit some of them on the excursions this summer. The next meeting will be held in Rosemary Hall, Elmwood Avenue. As the day of meeting is the 17th of March, it has been decided that it shall take the form of an Irish night.

* *

Antrim.—The Annual Congregational Meeting was held on Friday evening, February 5th. Although the evening turned out fearfully wet, there were between 30 and 40 present. The chair, at the business meeting, was taken by James S. Hunter, Esq., J.P., who gave a hopeful and most interesting address on "Our Church Life and Outlook." The treasurer, Mr. Wm. M. Hunter, followed with a satisfactory financial statement, which was followed by an address by the minister, in which, on behalf of Mrs. Crook and himself, he thanked the congregation for the neat little manse which the congregation had purchased during the year. After tea, which was provided by the ladies of the congregation, there were songs by Miss Smith, recitations by Hugh Hunter, Esq., and speeches by Dr. Gawn and the minister. There was also a drawing competition, which was most amusing. The prizes, distributed by Mrs. Gawn, were won by Mrs. Montgomery, Dr. Gawn, and Mr. Robert Gray. Shortly after 10 o'clock, with the singing of the hymn "For Our Country," and the benediction, a bright and very successful gathering broke up.

* *

Belfast: All Souls'.—On Sunday evening, 31st January, the first special musical service at All Souls' Church, Elmwood Avenue, under Mr. Teasdale Griffiths' direction, was held. A programme of organ music, sacred songs, and anthems was presented after the service. There were many striking points which deserve discussion here. The old organ, built in 1805, and opened by Edward Bunting, first and most famous of collectors of Irish folk-tunes, has been often renovated since his fingers first awoke the tubes to sound; a third manual had also been added some time ago. In the Unitarian churches, says the "Belfast Evening Telegraph," the musician has great scope. They believe in a form of service and go in for artistic adjuncts that give a musician of versatility ample opportunities. At All Souls' the form is very closely that of the Church of Ireland, with certain minor differences in details due to doctrinal divergences; but the form has the same mellow beauty as that of the Prayer Book service itself. A processional hymn at opening and closing, the litany and responses, the chief hymns and anthems and the Psalms are all included. The service is practically a fully choral one as a basis. On that basis the pastor and the organist can add to a certain extent special features so long as they be in keeping with a church service. It is largely a matter of taste how much or how little; but in the point of quality the cultured congregation can be trusted to average safely. All Souls' has the right membership for that. On Sunday evening the extra musical service was perhaps by way of experiment. Mr. Griffiths has only been there a few weeks, and as he gets to know his material, his range of operations will extend accordingly. He will have the cordial support of the pastor, Rev. E. H. Pickering, B.A., and of the committee and congregation, and the loyalty of the choir, which consists of a capable quartet also boys' and men's voices. The organ items on Sunday evening were P. Rideout's "Green Boughs," a quasi-modern work

of the new school; the Largo from the "New World" symphony of Dvörak, and Lefebure-Wely's "Offertoire" in G. The solo in Gounod's "From Thy love as a Father" was taken by two boys (Masters Kennedy and Montgomery), who did very well in spite of the rather high range of the air; the full anthem was Woodward's "The sun shall be no more." Solo anthems were Raff's "Ave Maria" (Mr. Fred Mackie), the "Inflammatus," from Dvörak's "Stabat Mater" (Miss Winnie Woods), "Consume them all" from "St Paul" (Mr. E. V. Core),- and Saint-Sæns' "Thou, O Lord, art our Protector" (Miss Maureen Orr). The catholicity of this scheme is obvious. The soloists all have useful and voluminous voices that tell well in a church the acoustic properties of which are really excellent. The main impression of a stranger may be put as one of enterprise, artistic versatility, and general efficiency—a very enjoyable service indeed.

* *

Belfast: First Church.—The annual meeting of the Sunday School, which was held in the Central Hall, on February 19th, was of an unusually attractive character, being responsible for an audience which quite filled the large hall. Althought sixty-two scholars had earned prizes for good conduct and regular attendance during the past year, they had, without exception, decided to forego the value of their book prizes in order that the money might be devoted to some one or other of the funds appealing for help. As it had been decided to send a substantial sum to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, the officials of the latter sent to each of the prize-winners a very pretty and appropriate certificate, specially designed to mark such acts of self-denial on the part of Sunday School scholars. Those certificates were handed to the sixty-two young people by the Chairman (Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D.), who hoped that they might be treasured up and prove a source of pleasure long after the present war was over. He then proceeded to perform a duty which, while pleasant, was tinged with feelings of regret. For nearly thirty years Mr. James M'Williams had laboured most regularly and devotedly in the service of that Sunday School, but now his decision to retire from the post of Superintendent was to take effect. When it was known that his resignation had been tendered there was a very hearty and spontaneous desire to recognise his splendid period of service. Consequently, many past and present members of the School and Church, of other Non-Subscribing Congregations, and also of persons outside our community, had subscribed most readily and generously, with the result that he (the Chairman) was privileged, on behalf of a very large number of subscribers, to ask Mr. M'Williams to accept a purse of gold, together with a cheque for a very substantial sum of money. Only one condition was imposed upon Mr. M'Williams, viz.—that he was to make no speech! The stepping forward of Mr. M'Williams to receive his well-earned tribute of respect and regard was the signal for very hearty applause from young and old, all of whom had contributed ungrudgingly and generously towards the gratifying result. During the evening songs were contributed by Miss Maud Steel and Mr. Robert Nelson, a recitation was given by Miss Alexander, while a very pretty play, entitled: "Keeping Christmas," was admirably presented by a large number of scholars, whose performance testified to the careful and painstaking supervision of Miss Margaret Wood and her assistants. Altogether, a most memorable evening was spent, pointing not only to successful work in the past, but holding out the promise of no less good work in the future.

* *

Cairncastle.—The Annual Meeting of the Old Meeting-house congregation was held on Thursday evening, Jan. 28th, in the school-room, which was decorated for the occasion with evergreens and Chinese lanterns, etc., and looked very bright and cosy. After a good tea, the business part of the meeting was held, the Minister presiding, when the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read, the latter showing a balance on the right side,

and the officers for the year appointed. A short musical programme followed, songs being given by Miss N. Crawford, Miss M. Buchanan, Mr. Robert Crawford, and the choir, and a recitation by Miss Laura Lusk. After this there was a competition, which caused much amusement, in which the five senses had to take part—feeling, smelling, tasting, seeing, and hearing—Miss Ellen E. Lusk carried off the first prize, while Mrs. John Rodgers, Miss N. Crawford, and Miss S. Duffin were bracketed equal for the second. After refreshment and dancing, the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," and dispersed shortly after twelve o'clock. Owing to recent bereavement, several families were unable to be present.

On the following evening the Minister and his wife, as has been their custom for the last four years, gave a children's party in the school-room. The young people seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The evening was delightfully fine and mild, and the bright moonlight made it an easy walk home.

The offertory taken on January 3rd for the Red Cross Society and St. John's Ambulance Association amounted to £6 7s. 8d.

* *

Comber.—The tragic sinking of the *Titanic* profoundly affected the minds of Comber people. The inhabitants of the town and district have sought to commemorate their heroic fellow-townsman who went down on the ill-fated vessel. For this purpose they raised some £6,000, and have erected a handsome Memorial Hall. It was opened on the 22nd January by Mrs. Thomas Andrews, jun., the young widow. At the request of the family, who had at the time other anxieties the ceremony was strictly informal and private. The key was presented to Mrs. Andrews by Mr. Mackenzie, of Messrs. Young & Mackenzie, the architects of the hall. Mrs. Andrews, in declaring the hall open, expressed her heartfelt thanks to the contributors for their deeply appreciated generosity, and their kindly remembrance of her dear husband. She was truly and affectingly grateful to the trustees and members of committee for the keen interest they had taken in connection with its erection and furnishing, and also to the architects and builders for the faithful care they had given to the work, which had resulted in that really fine hall. She trusted that it would be of great and permanent benefit to the people of Comber.

The hall is built of handsomely dressed stone, and the townsmen are proud to think it the finest building of the kind in any provincial town of Ireland. The facade has appropriate carvings. On the ground floor there are club rooms, including reading-room, billiard-room, minor hall, committee room, kitchen, etc. The main hall is on the upper floor, and is capable of seating comfortably 700 people. The surrounding grounds are being laid out as a public park, and will prove a source of enjoyment to inhabitants and visitors.

The Annual Sunday School Entertainment was held on the evening of February 12th. After tea a very entertaining dramatic performance, given by the teachers and scholars, won warm approval. It was announced that, at the wish of the scholars themselves, the money usually spent upon prizes was given to the Red Cross Society. It amounted to £3 15s. 6d.

The Women of Comber Work Society, to provide warm clothing and comforts for our soldiers and sailors, meets weekly in the Lecture Hall of the Non-Subscribing Church. Many parcels with numerous garments have been produced by willing hands, and forwarded to the front.

A dramatic entertainment was given in the same lecture hall on 26th Jan., which raised more than £20 for the fund to purchase a motor ambulance for the Ulster Division of Kitchener's Army.

* *

Killinchy.—On Thursday, January 28th, the Annual Prize-giving to the Sunday-school scholars took place. Tea was provided by the teachers and elder scholars, which was much enjoyed by old and young. The gratifying announcement was made that the average attendance of scholars has been steadily going up for the last few years; that

while the actual number of names on the books is not larger, yet the attendance and general condition of the school has much improved. Thanks to the devotion of the elder scholars, the example they give to the younger scholars is all that can be desired. A large proportion of the children won prizes, which were distributed by the Superintendent, Mr. R. F. Shaw.

Advantage was taken of the occasion to make a presentation to the Secretary of the congregation, Mr. R. F. Shaw, on the occasion of his marriage. Mrs. Henry M'Cormick, in a few well-chosen words, expressed her pleasure, and that of the members of the congregation, in presenting to Mr. Shaw a handsome silver cabinet. The Rev. D. J. Williams, who occupied the chair, voiced the feelings of the congregation as well as his own in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Shaw many happy years of wedded life. He said they were glad of the opportunity of doing honour to Mr. Shaw, who during the past six years had shown much devotion to the church and the Sunday school. He was glad to bear witness to Mr. Shaw's devotion in many directions. Mr. Shaw suitably responded. During the evening a miscellaneous entertainment was given, provided by the teachers and scholars, consisting of two sketches, recitations, and songs. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and a very happy spirit prevailed.

* *

Newtownards.—A most enjoyable evening was spent on Monday, January 18th, in the First (or Old) Presbyterian Church, when the congregation held their Annual Social Re-union. There was a representative attendance of members and friends, and tea was dispensed by the following ladies:—The Misses M'Dowell, Ferguson, Bailie, King, and Murphy, and during tea enjoyable selections were given on a phonograph, kindly lent by Mr. John Apperson. Rev. R. Maxwell King afterwards occupied the chair, and extended a hearty welcome to all present, and hoped they would enjoy themselves. He delivered a short address, in the course of which he referred to the working of the congregation throughout the past year, and said he was glad to say it was progressing favourably. Mr. Samuel Harrison, hon. secretary, presented the secretary's and treasurer's reports, which showed the church to be in a very flourishing condition, and he moved their adoption. Mr. Murphy seconded, and the motion was passed unanimously. The committee and officers for the last year were unanimously re-elected, on the motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. S. Harrison. During the evening an enjoyable musical programme was contributed by the Misses Ferguson, N. King, K. King, I. Stratton, M. Murphy, Higgins, also Mr. J. Murphy, and Master E. Mawhinney. The accompaniments were played efficiently by Misses Ferguson, Thornbury, and Rev. R. M. King. Stimulating and encouraging addresses were given by the Revs. W. H. T. Tilson, M.A., the newly-installed minister of Greyabbey, and Rev. E. H. Pickering, B.A., of All Souls', Belfast, and Mr. David O'Prey. A comprehensive vote of thanks to all who had assisted at the evening's entertainment was fittingly moved by Mr. Robert Ferguson, of Ballymagreehan, and seconded by Mr. David J. Ferguson, of Cooper Hill. The meeting terminated by all singing "God be with you till we meet again."

* *

Orphan Society.—The annual subscriptions to the Orphan Society are now being taken up, and are due to reach the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. K. Stewart, J.P., 49 Donegall Place, Belfast, by the 31st March. When this date can be observed it greatly facilitates the work of the officials of the Society, and also when the lists are made out in alphabetical order, as in annual reports. Lists should be sent to Rev. A. Turner, Templepatrick, and subscriptions to Mr. A. K. Stewart at address given above.

"Let us then be what we are, and speak
what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the
sacred professions of friendship."
—*Longfellow.*

BIRTH.

ROSSINGTON—On February 13, at Ardeevin, Cadogan Park, Belfast, the wife of the Rev. H. J. Rossington, of a daughter.

DEATH.

HART.—At her residence, Tullaghgore, Ballymoney, on Friday, 12th February, Margaret, widow of Thomas Hart, aged 85. Buried at the Old Church Burying Ground, 15th February.

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